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MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1866.

The Canteen.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers;
And true lover's knots I weep;
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack fine as silk,
But whatever the liquor has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

But when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean—
Oh, then I remember you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM BURNS.—Among the papers in Abbotsford House, on the banks of Loch Ness, are copies of several of Burns's poems, in the handwriting of the poet, and the following indited letter addressed to the grandfather of Colonel Fraser Tytler, well known as one of the most accomplished of the Edinburgh literati at the close of last century, and as a Scottish judge under the title of Lord Woodhouselee. Burns was preparing a new edition of his works—most likely that which appeared after his death in 1797. The verbal alteration he proposes was never made, his friend in Edinburgh probably thinking that it would be no improvement:

"SIR—A poor caitiff, driving as I am at this moment, with an excise quill, at the rate of 'Devil take the hindmost,' is ill qualified to round the period of gratitude or swell the pathos of sensibility. Gratitude, like some other amiable qualities of the mind, is now always shunt by supposers that I have sometimes wished that the project of that jay dog Momus, I think it is, had gone into effect—planting a window in the breast of a man. In that case, when a poor fellow comes, as I do at this moment, before his benefactor, tongue tied with the sense of these very obligations, he would not have nothing to do but to place himself in front of his friend, and lay bare the workings of his bosom. I again trouble you with another, and my last parcel of manuscript. I am not interested in any of these; like them at your pleasure. I am much indebted to you for taking the trouble of correcting the press work. One instance, indeed, may be rather unlucky: If the times go Sir John Whitefoord are printed they ought to read

'Lest read the shadowy path in that dark world unknown.'

'Shadowy' instead of 'dreary,' as I believe it stands at present. I wish this could be noticed in the errata. This comes of writing, as I generally do, from the memory.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your deeply indebted humble servant, ROBERT BURNS.

"6th December, 1796."

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.—The following incident may not be out of place, and also prove interesting to many, particularly to those who so well remember the old horse "Ben," with his white face, dignified carriage and steady trot, so repeatedly performed on the most popular avenue leading from Cincinnati, for ten successive years. Ben was known the country over for his faithfulness, instinct and affection (particularly for his oats). We bought Ben out of a dray, and in him found a treasure unknown. He had a wonderfully sagacious head; never seemed to forget his groom, or any stopping-place on the road where there was good water—particularly at the Mill Creek House, for here he seemed to know his driver could always be regaled with the cool beverage, and always insisted on stopping. Ben lived with us for ten long years, making him nineteen years old, when it was suddenly concluded he might die on our hands, and after a little discussion it was resolved to sell him to "an honest Dutchman," who lived some ten miles away, for the sum of fifty dollars. This was done four years since, and all remembrance of old Ben had passed from memory, when lo! a few mornings ago, bright and early, Ben's best friend thought she saw him coming down the road. We all laughed at such an impossibility—when, sure as God and familiar slickering was heard. And sure enough, there stood the faithful old horse, with his head over the front gate, looking straight up at the house, evidently calling for his old friends. This was after an absence of four years, making him now in his twenty-fourth year. A rush was made to let him in the yard and give him welcome; and it was a touching sight to watch his conduct. He deliberately walked along the carriage-way, stopped at the old water-bucket, taking a survey of all things, then proceeded on past the house on toward the barn, and directly into the old stall, where he had lived so long. Of course he was given the freedom of the place. But during the day the owner came for him, and we all took an affectionate farewell of old Ben. This incident shows the wonderful sagacity of the horse, and proves that kind treatment is not easily forgotten even by dumb animals.

CRUELTY OF ANIMALS TO MEN.—The Round Table advocates a society for the prevention of cruelty of animals to men. It says:

To mosquitoes we originally afford no provocation; yet their persistent persecution is so indecorous and exasperating that even Socrates, proof as he was against the railings of Xantippe, would find it impossible to dissemble his resentment. The entire blood-sucking species, innumerable and innumerable, are only less offensive by reason of their doing their evil deeds quietly and without insulting bravado. Rats and mice do greater material injury and do it as noisily. Roaches, redbugs, and their confraternity unpleasantly pervade pantries and the most sacred recesses of food whose flavor they deteriorate. Flies add to the idiosyncrasies of all these creatures all others that an unscrupulous disposition and a malevolent ingenuity can devise, alleviating their thousand curses, like the Corsair, by a single virtue—that of being quiet in the dark. Among other microscopic pests, which yet make people extremely unhappy, are the moths which destroy our clothing and furs, and the crawling creatures which obtrude their disgusting presence, wriggling into cheeses, fresh fruit, dried figs, maccaroni, thereby impairing your diet. More gravely objectionable are things which bite and sting you, poisonous serpents and beasts of prey. Even animals generally well disposed contract undesirable habits which occasion trouble to man, whom they have made their guide, counselor and friend. Horses, the anti-vivisection society asserts, are creatures of native exalted virtue, and therefore we do not designate what we have hitherto supposed to be unacceptable traits in their character. But the other domestic animals cherish small vices unworthy of themselves and savoring of ingratitude toward their benefactors. Your own cat rends the midnight air with appalling screams. Your dog unprovokedly insults your dearest friend by rushing at him with inhospitable clamor, and when upposed, snuffs at him with an air of disparagement. Your chickens lay eggs in accessible places and proclaim the fact in a manner from which thieves alone profit. Your cows persist in a diet of garlic, onions, and other accidents which convey noisome flavors to your milk and butter. In a word, these animals, in whose behalf benevolent gentlemen ask us to become enthusiastic, evince no disposition in their turn to be a-tuated by similar emotions of courtesy and consideration.

The copyright of the earlier Waverly novels is just expiring, and the original publishers—the Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh—to protect themselves, advertise that the text was corrected by the author in 1829, and that the cheap editions now appearing are necessarily imperfect in the text, and of course destitute of the introductions and the notes, which were written years after the books, and the copyright in which has some time to run.

SACRED WATER GIVING SCARCE.—The renowned well of St. Keyne, in Ireland, famous for its alleged power, is in a state of neglect; the channel which supplies the marvellous waters is stopped, and the bed of the fountain is filled with dry stones. The sacred water is still procurable at a neighboring cottage, from the original spring.

Fred. Douglass and sons are making preparations to start a paper in Alexandria, Va., to be devoted to the interests of freedom.

The Captain's Loss and Widow's Gain.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

At nightfall of an autumn evening, when the stars were just beginning to twinkle overhead, like diamonds on a canopy of azure, two young men were standing together, engaged in conversation, on the steps of the Black Eagle, a fashionable hotel in one of the principal streets of the gay and celebrated city of Vienna. One of them wore the rich uniform of an Austrian hussar; the other was clad in the civic costume of a gentleman.

"So all is completed at the ministry of war, except the signature of the commission and the payment of the purchase money?" said the soldier.

"Exactly so."

"And to-morrow, then," continued the hussar, "I am to congratulate you on the command of a company, and to salute you as Captain Ernest Walstein."

The last speaker was Captain Christian Steinfurt, an officer who had seen some two years service.

"Ah! my boy!" continued he, twirling his jet black mustache, "your uniform will be a passport to the smiles of the fair. But you seem already to have made your way to the good graces of Madame Von Berlingen, the rich widow who resides at this hotel."

"Bah! she is forty," answered Ernest, carelessly.

"But in fine preservation, and a beauty for all that," said Captain Steinfort. "The Baron Von Dangerfield was desperately in love with her, but within a few days the widow seems to have cut him. You are the happy man after all."

"Undeceive yourself, my dear Christian," said Ernest, blushing. "I have only flirted with the handsome widow. My hand is already engaged to a charming girl, Meena Altenburg, the playmate of my infancy, adopted and reared up by my father. I am to marry her as soon as I get my company."

"And what is to support you, Captain Ernest?"

"My pay of course, and the income of the moderate dowry which my father proposes to give his favorite. So you see my lot in life is settled."

"Precisely so," replied the captain. "But since you are free this evening, I engage you to pass it with me. Have you got any money about you?"

"A good deal. Besides the price of my commission, which is safely stowed away in bank notes in this breast pocket, I have a handful of ducats about me, which, I suppose, I propose purchasing some trinkets for my bride. But I have a gold piece or two that I can spare it—"

"Pooh! pooh! I'm well enough provided," answered the captain. "You know this is pay day. Come along."

"But whither?"

"You shall see."

With these words the captain thrust his arm within that of his companion, and the pair walked off at a rapid rate. After passing through several streets, suddenly halted and rang at the door of a stately mansion. It was opened by a servant in flamboyant livery, and the young gentlemen entered and went up stairs.

Walstein soon found himself in a scene very different from any which he had ever dreamed of in his simple rustic life upon his father's farm. Around a large oval table covered with cloth were seated more than a dozen of persons of different ages, all so intent on what was going forward that the captain and his friend took their seats unnoticed. At the head of the table sat a man in a wig, with a pair of green spectacles upon his nose, before whom lay a pile of gold, and who was busily engaged in paying and receiving money, and in giving an imperus to a small ivory ball which spun, at intervals, the appointed course. Walstein soon started that this was a rouge et noir table. The gentleman in the gray wig was the banker.

"Make your game, gentlemen," said this individual, "while the ball spins. Your luck's as mine. It's all luck, gentlemen, at rouge et noir. Bonus et mor, gentlemen, is the finest game in the world. Black wins—black wins, as I have prophesied, and you have doubled it. Make your games—black or red."

"Try your fortune, Ernest," said the captain.

Ernest mechanically put down a few ducats on the red.

"Red wins," said the banker in the same monotonous tone. "Make your game, gentlemen, while the ball rolls."

Why need we follow the fortunes of Ernest on this fatal evening, as he yielded step by step to the seduction to which he was now exposed for the first time in his life? Long after Steinfort left the gambling house he continued to play. His luck turned. He had upon him all his winnings, and the money set apart for his bridal presents. He had broken the package of bank notes, the money he had received from his father for the purchase of his commission, and though he saw hill after hill swept away before his eyes, he continued to play, in the desperate hope of winning back his losses. At length his last ducat was gone. He rose and left the room, the last words ringing in his ear being:

"Make your game, gentlemen, while the ball rolls."

Despairing and heart-stricken, the young man sought his hotel and its chamber. On the staircase he encountered Madame Von Berlingen, but he saw her not—his eyes were glazed—he did not notice or return her salutation. He threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and towards morning fell into an unrefreshing and dream-peopled slumber.

When he arose late the next day he looked at himself in the glass, but scarcely recognized his own face, so changed was he by the mental agonies he had undergone. When he had paid some little attention to his toilet he received a message from Madame Von Berlingen requesting the favor of an interview in her apartments. He mechanically obeyed the summons, though it filled to sustain a conversation with a lady.

The widow requested him to be seated.

"Mr. Walstein," said she, with a smile, "you are growing very impatient. I met you last night upon the staircase, but, though I spoke to you, you had not a word or a nod for me."

"Last night, madame," answered the unfortunate young man, "I was beside myself. O, madame—if you knew all."

"What! that I had been gambling—that I had thrown away—yes, those are the words—every ducat of the money my poor father furnished me with which to purchase my commission."

"Yes, I know all that. But the loss is not irreparable.

"Pardon me, madam. My father, though reputed wealthy, is unable to furnish me with a similar sum, even if I were base enough to accept it at his hands."

"But if some friends were to step forward?"

"Alas! I know none."

"Mr. Walstein," said the lady, "I am rich; a loan of the requisite amount would not affect me in the least."

"Oh, madam," cried the young man, "if you would indeed save me by such generosity, you would be an angel of mercy."

"What is the amount of your loss?" inquired the lady calmly, as she unlocked her desk.

"Three thousand ducats," answered Ernest. "But I can give you no security for the payment."

"Your note of hand is sufficient," said the lady, handing the young man a package of notes. "Please to count those, and see if the sum is correct. Here are writing materials."

Ernest did as he was bid—counted the money, and then sat down at the desk.

"Write at my dictation," said the lady. Ernest took up a pen and commenced.

"The date," said the lady.

Ernest wrote it.

"Received of Anna Von Berlingen the sum of three thousand ducats."

Ernest wrote and repeated—"three thousand ducats."

"In consideration, I promised to marry the aforesaid Anna Von Berlingen."

"To marry you!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Ay—to marry me!" said the lady. "Am I deformed? am I ugly? am I poor?"

"I cannot do it. You know not the reason that induces me to refuse."

"Then go home to your father and confess your guilt."

Ernest reflected a few moments. He could not go home to his father with the frightful tale. It was a question, between suicide and marriage; he signed the paper.

"Now, then, baron," said the widow to herself, as she carefully secured the promise, "you cannot say that you broke the heart of Annie by your cruelty. Take the money, Ernest," she added aloud, "go and purchase your commission."

Ernest obeyed. His dreams of yesterday morning had all been dissipated by his own act; he felt a degraded and broken spirited criminal. He had sold himself for gold.

"Here comes Captain Ernest!" cried a youthful voice. And a beautiful blue eyed girl of nineteen stood at the garden gate of a pretty farm house, watching the approach of a horseman, who, gaily attired in a hussar uniform, was galloping up the road. At her shout of delight, a sturdy old gray haired man came forth and stood beside her.

"Captain Ernest!" he repeated, "that sounds well. When I was of his age, I only carried a musket in the ranks. I never dreamed then that a son of mine could ever aspire to the epaulettes."

Ernest, waving his hand to Meena Altenberg and his father, rode past them to the stable, where he left his horse. He then rushed into the farmhouse, where his father met him.

"What is the meaning of this, boy?" he said. "How wild and haggard you look! And you have avoided Meena—and this, too, upon your wedding-day."

"My wedding-day. O heaven! I shall die," said the young man, sinking into a seat.

As soon as he could collect himself, he told his father that he could not marry Meena, and the reason—that he had pledged himself to another. The old man, who was the soul of honor, burst into violent imprecations and drove him from his presence. As he left the house, the unfortunate young man encountered a person whom he at once recognized as the Baron Von Dangerfield, the rejected suitor of Madame Von Berlingen.

"I have been looking for you, Captain Walstein," said the Baron, sternly.

"And you have found me," answered the young man shortly.

"Yes—and I thank heaven that you wear that uniform. It entitles you to meet a German noble and answer for your conduct."

"I am answerable for my conduct to no living man," retorted Ernest.

"You wear a sword."

"Yes."

"Very well; if you refuse to give satisfaction for the injury you have done me, in robbing me of my mistress, I will proclaim you a coward in the presence of the regiment upon parade."

"Oh, make yourself easy on that score, Baron," answered Ernest. "Life is of too little worth for me to think of shielding it. If you will step with me into the shadow of yonder grove, we can soon regulate our accounts."

The two men walked silently to the appointed spot, and, without any preliminary, drew their swords, and engaged in combat. The struggle was not of very long duration, for Ernest wounded his adversary in the sword-arm, and disarmed him.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"I must be for the present," replied the Baron, sullenly. "When I recover, you shall hear from me again."

"As you please," said Ernest, coldly. "In the meantime suffer me to bind up your arm."

The young man bandaged the wound of his adversary, and as he faltered from the loss of blood, led him toward the farm house. As they approached it, two ladies advanced to meet them—one of them was Meena, the other was Madame Von Berlingen.

"Dangerfield wounded!" cried the latter, bursting into tears. "O, I have been the cause of this; forgive me, forgive me, Dangerfield, or you will all one."

"You forget, madam, that you belong to another."

"I am yours only—I can never love another—nor does the person you allude to," sighed the lady, turning to Ernest, "cherish an attachment to me."

"My only feeling for you, madam," said Ernest, with musing, "would be gratitude, were a certain paper destroyed."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the father of Ernest, coming forward.

"It means," said Ernest, tearing to atoms the promissory note he received from the widow's hands, "that I had very ugly dreams last night. I dreamed that I played at rouge-et-noir, and lost all the money you gave me to purchase my commission with, and then that I made up the loss by promising—"

"Hush!" said the widow, laying her finger on her lips.

"Then it was all a dream," said the old man.

"Look at my uniform," replied the captain.

"And what did you mean in the story you told me just now?"

"Forget it, father," said Ernest. "Dear Meena, look up, my love. It is our wedding day; and if you do but love me I'm the happiest dog that wears a sabre and a dolman."

The very day, two weddings were celebrated in the farm house—those of Captain Ernest Walstein with the fraulein Meena Altenberg, and Baron Von Dangerfield with the yet beautiful and wealthy widow. The captain never tried his luck again at any game of chance.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But has some secret little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And accent the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But has some memory or the past,
To love and call its own.

AFTER A FUNERAL.—A story is preserved among the legends of a New England town of two worthy old ladies—sisters-in-law we believe they were—who were quite inseparable; indeed, it was a standing joke in the town that if Aunt Sarah should go to heaven, her first inquiry would be, when safe inside the gates, "Is Sister Chaplin here?" The old ladies had many tastes in common; among them was a somewhat singular one—a passionate desire to attend all the funerals round about.

One morning they heard a report that Mr. Sharp, the minister in a neighboring town, had died. The hour for the funeral notice was not mentioned, but judging that it would occur on the second day Aunt Sarah and Sister Chaplin, each arrayed in a new black silk apron, as being eminently appropriate for funeral-wear, set forth at sunrise—determined, at all events, to be in time. Aunt Sarah, being the proprietress of a one horse shay—an rickety concern, drawn by a lazy old mare—had called for Sister Chaplin, and by dint of much persuasion of the obstinate beast, the pair by nine o'clock reached the borders of the town where the minister resided.

At this point they met Mr. Sharp's hired man driving a yoke of oxens. The old ladies drew up, and Sister Chaplin, as spokesman, inquired what hour had been appointed for Mr. Sharp's funeral.

"Why, bless yer soul, Miss Chaplin, the minister ain't died yet! Shouldn't be surprised if he held out till fall; he's got the wear in him, the old man has."

Aunt Sarah drew up the reins with an air of resignation, as if to go round. Suddenly she dropped them. "Sister Chaplin! Sister Chaplin, do ask the creature if he don't know of a funeral that we can go to!"

NECK TWISTING IN CHURCH.—A good story is told at an eccentric old parson, who was sorely annoyed by a habit his people had acquired (and which prevails, by the way, in other churches, even now and latitudinal, to some extent) of twisting their necks around every time somebody entered the door and passed up the aisle of the meeting house, to see what manner of person it might be. Wearied with the annoyance, the old man one Sunday exclaimed:

"Brethren, if you will only cease turning your head round whenever the door opens, and keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in."

Accordingly he went on with the sermon, and presently made a step as one of the deacons entered, saying:

"That is Deacon ——, who keeps the grocery opposite."

And thus he announced in turn the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in, and he cried out:

"A little man in green spectacles and drab overcoat; don't know him; you can all turn round and look for yourselves this time."

It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck twisting seen in his congregation after that day.

NOTES TAR RIVER.—The following "good one" was told in our hearing the other day, and whether ever published or not is worth repeating:

A certain Georgia countryman, not having been splendidly educated, and who was very successful as a "money raiser," was determined to send his son off, for refinement and culture, to the good "Old North State." When the young man arrived at the destined point, the president of the institution wanted to know what line of studies he would pursue, and failing to elicit the information from the boy, inquired of the old man by letter, as follows:

"*My Dear Sir*—Your son has arrived. What branch shall I put him?

"Respectfully, ——"

This was a poser, and bothered the "old gent" mightily. In his musings he could arrive at nothing satisfactory, but was suddenly reminded of his son's impending danger, and of doing something speedily to save him. After "rummaging" awhile for a pen, ink and paper, he produced the following demoralized effusion:

"*Sir*—If the boy must go into a branch, select one yourself; but, for his mother's sake, don't put him in Tar river!"—[Southern Georgian.

The New York World's Paris correspondent says the Paris Rothschild not long since arranged with Maurice Strakosch that Patti should sing at the banker's palace, and it was agreed that she should be paid $300 for singing two selections. Her performance was loudly praised by the guests.

"Baron," said the ladies, "won't Mlle Patti sing again?"

"Certainly," said the banker, "Monsieur Strakosch, Miss Patti will repeat."

"The same?" said Maurice Strakosch, "the same all round?"

The Baron not observing the feel of money in Maurice's eyes, answered, "Yes, the same," meaning the music.

In consequence, Patti sang like lightning; the whole room rocked with her melody; it was a wonderful joy. But next day Maurice Strakosch sent in a bill to the Rothschild in the value of ten thousand francs for every two chansons. The banker paid it, but it cured him of his infatuation, and he goes no longer to see Patti.

When Judge ——, a member of Congress from Ohio, years ago, was opposed at the second election on account of intemperate habits, he good naturedly admitted the fact, but insisted that he was never so drunk as not to fairly represent his constituents. He was elected by a triumphant majority.

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Bolivar County, Mississippi,
known as the "TAIL BACK PLACE," opposite Providence, on Deer creek, eight miles from Bolivar landing, containing seventeen hundred (1700) acres of as good land as there is in
THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,
seven hundred (700) acres of which are under cultivation. The necessary plantation buildings, with the exception of the Gin House, are all complete and in excellent order. There is not a more remunerative plantation than this in the State.

A PLANTATION ADJOINING THE ABOVE,
—AND—
With Equality as Productive Land,
containing twenty-three hundred (2300) acres of land, of which one thousand (1000) acres of which are under cultivation. There are buildings as details as any
IN THE MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM,
and all the necessary buildings are complete and in perfect order, including a new Gin House.

A PLANTATION
—IN—
Catahoula Parish, Louisiana,
three (3) miles from Dale's landing on Black River and 8 miles (15 miles from the mouth of Black River, a popular route up which much of navigation. It contains about one hundred and forty-eight (1048) acres of
EXCELLENT LAND,
two hundred (200) of which are above overflow and lying high state of cultivation. Eight hundred (800) acres of this land are in single ridges, and upon it there is a large quantity of the
FINEST CYPRESS TIMBER.
This plantation is known upon it as the Buildings, Stock, Farming Utensils and Fixtures necessary for a force of twenty field hands.

THAT VALUABLE PLANTATION
—KNOWN AS—
The Eutaw Place,
situated in Terrebonne parish, Louisiana, on Bayou Magon, sixteen (16) miles from Waterproof, containing eighteen hundred (1800) acres of
SPLENDID LAND,
seven hundred (700) acres of which are under cultivation. This plantation is furnished with the best quality of Building, Negro Quarters, etc., and new. There is, also,
A FINE DWELLING,
suitable for a large family, upon the place, and it is fully stocked and ready and for a force of thirty (30) hands. The present crop of the plantation is about 350 bales, and there is not a foot now at work which has fifty (50) hands who will remain with him. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call at the plantation and examine for themselves. It is conceded that the plantation offers only to anyone for investment for investment.

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One hundred and sixty (160) acres of uninproved land, in section thirty-two (32), of township six (6) north of range seven (7) east. This land is situated in Concordia parish, Louisiana, within one half mile of the from Black River. Every foot of this land is covered with such timber as never fails finding ready buyers.

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CHAINS, SHOVELS, SPADES, HOES,
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COTTON and FLAX DUCK, TWINES,
OILS, PAINTS, LAMPS, LANTERNS, Etc
All Kind of Steamboat and Railroad Supplies
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Hardware Agents,
Nos. 5, 16 and 18 Peters street, corner of Gruesman, (opposite the Custom House,) New Orleans, La.
Consignments of Merchandise, either for sale or shipment will receive prompt and careful attention.

HARDWARE ..... HARDWARE
H. J. MULLAN & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers
—IN—
HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE AND CUTLERY
Agents for
HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES.
71 Common street, New Orleans.

GREY JACKET BITTERS
HAVE SUPERSEDED
ALL OTHERS WHEREVER INTRODUCED,
—Because they are—
Undoubtedly the Best for this Climate.
We are still manufacturing that fine old house.
BARNETT & LION,
Nos. 31 and 33 Gravier street.

LOTTERIES.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $60,000.
KENTUCKY STATE
SINGLE NUMBER LOTTERY.
MURRAY, EDDY & CO. ..... MANAGERS.
TO BE DRAWN AT
Covington, Ky., on Class N, Thursday, November 15th.

SCHEME:

1 prize of	$60,000 is		$60,000
1 prize of	20,000 is		20,000
1 prize of	8,850 is		8,850
1 prize of	8,000 is		8,000
1 prize of	4,500 is		4,500
1 prize of	4,000 is		4,000
29 prizes of	1,000 are		29,000
68 prizes of	500 are		34,000
136 prizes of	300 are		40,800
230 prizes of	200 are		46,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES:

9 approximation prizes of $600 each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the $60,000 prize are	$4,800
9 approximation prizes of $300 each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the $20,000 prize are	2,700
9 approximation prizes of $200 each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the $8,850 prize of	2,250
9 approximation prizes of $200 each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the $8,000 prize are	1,800
9 approximation prizes of $100 each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the numbers drawing the $4,500 prizes are	900
9 approximation prizes of $100 each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the numbers drawing the $4,000 prizes are	900
327 prizes amounting to	$270,000

Whole Tickets, $10; Halves, $5; Quarters, $2 50; Eighths, $2 25; Sixteenths, $1 25.

Prizes Payable in Full Without Deduction.

Orders for Tickets in this Splendid Schemes will be carefully answered by return mail, and the drawings sent with an explanation of the chance of such investment, as soon as the drawing is over. Address

CHAS. T. HOWARD, Licensed Dealer,
No. 41 Camp street, or
Lock Box 992 Post Office, New Orleans.

MACHINERY.

L. T. CUNNINGHAM & CO.,
(L. T. CUNNINGHAM & CO., New Orleans, ROBERT MOORE & SONS, Cincinnati, O.)
166 Gravier and 17 Union Streets.
Dealers in Steam Engines and Machinery of all kinds for Plantations, Railroads and Steamboats, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Cotton Presses, Screws, Gin Gearing, Furnace Mouths, Grate Bars, all kinds of Plantation and Steamboat Works, and every description of Machinery in the South. LEEDS & CO.
Orders left at Box 73, Mechanics' and Dealers' Exchange, will receive prompt attention.

LEEDS'S FOUNDRY—
(ESTABLISHED IN 1835)
Corner of Delord and Poucher streets,
We beg leave to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared, as formerly, to manufacture Steam Engines, Boilers, Sugar Mills, Sugar Kettles, Draining Machines, Saw Mills, Cotton Presses, Screws, Gin Gearing, Furnace Mouths, Grate Bars, all kinds of Plantation and Steamboat Works, and every description of Machinery in the South. LEEDS & CO.
Orders left at Box 73, Mechanics' and Dealers' Exchange, will receive prompt attention.

BLACK DIAMOND STEEL WORKS,
PITTSBURG, PA.
PARK, BROTHER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
All Descriptions of Cast and German Steel
—WARRANTED—
EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED OR MANUFACTURED IN THIS COUNTRY.
Best quality Refined CAST TOOL STEEL; SPRING, MACHINERY, PLOW, SHEET and SHEAR STEEL, RAILROAD, SPRING and FROG STEEL; LOCOMOTIVE, AXLES, CRANK PINS, PISTON RODS, SLIDE BARS, FIRE BOX and FLUE PLATE, etc.
Branch Warehouse:
NOS. 42 and 44 ..... BATTERY MARCH ..... NOS. 42 and 44
Between Milk and Broad streets,
BOSTON, MASS.
OLIVER HUNT, Agent.

WINTER'S IMPROVED PORTABLE
CIRCULAR SAW MILL,
—WITH—
"Lane's Patent Set and Feed Works."
We respectfully call attention to our "IMPROVED PORTABLE CIRCULAR SAW MILL," with "LANE'S PATENT SET AND FEED WORKS," some of the particular advantages claimed therefor being as follows:
1st—The instantaneous and unerringly certain "set" of the log by the mere touching the Saw, with a single motion, of the hand, under a device as once as simple as effective, and in no wise subject to breakage or derangement—the log, of whatever length, being set at which distance at each successive instant of time by the Sawyer, as above stated, and an unerring uniformity in the thickness of the board throughout, insured.
2d—The saving secured, not only in the number of hands employed about the mill, but the saving of that which is of the more importance, in—that is the saving time of the mill is sufficiently illustrated, perhaps, when it is stated that lighting "setting time" usually required by other mills, we are able to turn back, "set," and cut another plank. Thus we are enabled to cut three twenty feet planks all required in a single minute! accompanied, in part by the fact that the Saw is the most one-sidedly supported Saw "Fan-back" that experience or actual work from the moment the stock is in place until it is entirely converted into lumber!
3d—The peculiar arrangement of the "Feed Works," whereby the "slip" and "wear and tear" always incident to the usual "set screw contact" is avoided, in fact, so instantaneous "starting" and "stopping" unfailingly effected.
4th—The substantial and perfect proportions of the Mill, together with the introduction of Steel Slot Set Blocks, "Stable Metal, Self-Oiling and Self-Adjusting Boxes," the frequent cast-iron supports on the carriage for the log, and the unusual beauty of finish, are among the other features which particularly characterize our Mill, and which secure for it the unmitigated commendation of the practical.
These, therefore, we feel confident, we trust, to secure for our Mill all that is required, and all that is asked in any instance, is to secure a trial—to see, namely: "An examination before purchase elsewhere."
We are, very respectfully,
General Commission Merchants, No. 40 Broadway, New York.
N. B.—"LANE'S PATENT SET WORKS" applied exclusively to Mills of other patents.
MONROE & REDDINGTON,
Agents for the above Mill,
No. 87 Commercial street.

DOWDALL, HARRIS & CO.,
WASHINGTON FOUNDRY,
Engine and Machine Shop,
CORNER OF SECOND AND MORGAN STREETS, ST LOUIS, MO.,
Manufacturers of
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY,
Circular Saw Mills, Quartz Mills, Tobacco Screws and Presses, Lard Kettles, Screws and Cylinders, Wool Carding Machines, Valley Saw Millstuffs, etc., constantly on hand.
Agents for the sale of JAMES SMITH & CO.'S superior Machine Cards.
We are prepared to receive orders for any of the above mentioned Machinery, etc., and will furnish any information desired.
LAMB, QUINLIN & CO.,
50 Telespiticolas street.

D. C. McCAN—
IRON AND BRASS FOUNDER,
FULTON, NEW LEVEE, NOTRE DAME AND JULIA STREETS, New Orleans.
Office—135 Fulton Street.
Has on hand at all times new and second-hand machinery for Steamboats, Saw Mills and Sugar Plantations.
Particular and prompt attention paid to Steamship and Steamboat repairs.

DRUMMOND, DOIG & CO.,
STEAM BOILER MANUFACTURERS.
Low Pressure Locomotives, Flued and Cylinder Boilers, Chimney Cans, Pitcs and Juice Boxes, made at the
St. Charles Boiler.
We respectfully solicit contracts for Boilers and all necessary connections, such as Fire Fronts, Grate Bars, Steam and Soap Pipes, Valves, etc., Chimneys and Breechan, all of which will be furnished at the lowest foundry prices.
All work executed at our establishment will be guaranteed equal, in point of workmanship and material, to any in the city or elsewhere.
Planters, Merchants and Steamship Agents are respectfully invited to call and examine our work and prices at 125 FRONT Street, between Notre Dame and Julia streets.

SHAKSPEARE IRON FOUNDRY,
203 Girod street, New Orleans
JOHN GEDDES—JOS. A. SHAKSPEARE—S. SWOOD.)
Geddes, Shakspeare & Co.,
Iron and Brass Founders and Mechanists, manufacture every variety of Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Drainage Machines, Mill and Gin Gearing, Grate Bars, Store Fronts, Cordonade, Bash Weights, etc. Blacksmith Work of all kinds.

PATENT CLOTHES-WASHER.
THE HYDRAULIC CLOTHES WASHER
AND WRINGER,
The best and most useful invention of the kind for saving household labor ever invented.
Has more and better recommendations for saving time, labor and the wear and tear of fabrics washed, than any other machine. All other machines either rub the clothes and wear them out specedily, or do not satisfactorily perform their work with the
HYDRAULIC CLOTHES WASHER
This is not the case. There is no rubbing of the clothes, consequently, no wear and tear. The washing is most completely and thoroughly performed by the action of the water alone. Send for a circular, giving full explanation, or call and examine them at the General Southern Agency.
Good inducements offered to agents elsewhere.
S. M. BARTON & CO.'S,
No. 17 Telespiticolas street.

RAILROADS.

NEW ORLEANS, OPELOUSAS AND
GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD,
—AND—
MORGAN LINE OF STEAMSHIPS,
—TO—
Galveston, Indianola and Sabine Pass, Texas
—AND—
STEAMBOATS TO ATTAKAPAS AND ALL POINTS ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

Passenger Trains.
Carrying the U. S. Mail, leave the Algiers depot EVERY MORNING at 8 o'clock, arriving at BRASHEAR, Berwick Bay, at 12 M.

Special Passenger Trains
Leave the depot in Algiers at 6 o'clock on WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS, returning same day on the arrival of the steamship from Galveston.

The Mail Train
Leaves Brashear every day (except Sundays) at 1 P. M., arriving in Algiers at 5 P. M. On SUNDAYS the train leave Brashear